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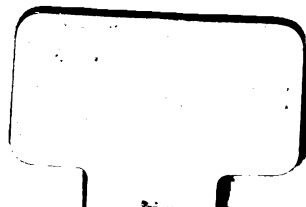
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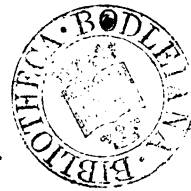
THE
H O L Y W A R S.

SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM.

BY

B. T. H. COLE, ESQ. A.M.

FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.



'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation — prosper even mine.

COWPER'S TASK.

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Gough Add's Cambridge
St. H.

WE, the Underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward, for the Year 1808,
to B. T. H. COLE, A.M. of *Magdalen College*, for his Poem on THE HOLY
WARS; and direct the said Poem to be printed, according to the Tenor of the
Will.

FRA^s. BARNES, VICE-CHANCELLOR.

J. TORKINGTON, Master of Clare Hall.

J. H. MONK, Greek Professor.

Peter-House Lodge,

Nov. 1, 1808.

THE HOLY WARS.

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A SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM.  
~~~~~

SAY, why with fond regret the Patriot weeps,
Where Decius fell, and noble Pompey sleeps?
Or, why the Briton's breast enraptured glows,
O'er scenes where CHATHAM finds a last repose?
The mind recalls why Roman virtue bled;
And grateful Freedom consecrates the dead.
Thus, with sublimer, purer passion fired,
With pious awe and trembling hope inspired,
The Christian hails, where'er his SAVIOUR trod,
The sacred footsteps of the living GOD.
This pleasing charm the brave enthusiast bore,
In ages past, to Judah's desert shore;
Where, in the temple's consecrated shade,
The blood-stain'd pilgrim triumph'd, wept, and prayed.
Wrapt in the deep but vain resolve, to save
From tread of impious feet MESSIAH's grave,

The sons of Europe met an early doom,
 And half an empire perish'd round his tomb.
 Then barbarous nations fled with wild affright,
 And the pale crescent shed a fainter light ;
 Then the red cross came streaming from afar,
 As shoots through kindling skies th' Autumnal star,
 While the rude crowd with vulgar fear behold
 Its sudden flight, and track that streams with gold.
 Let not the warriors of more polish'd days
 Laugh at their pomp, and cavil at their praise :
 These were a race, no poet's idle dream,
 Whose warlike deeds might grace the proudest theme,
 Awed by no dangers, by no toils dismay'd,
 Honor'd at home, in farthest climes obey'd.
 Such was the Chief,¹ who sold his native bowers,
 To lead, at Glory's call, his martial powers ;
 The generous ROBERT changed for fruitless toil
 The teeming promise of his Norman soil ;
 Bought with his vine-clad hills a realm unknown,
 And continents of sand with England's throne.
 Such GODFREY too, in whose experienced hand
 His comrades placed the sceptre of command ;

(1) Robert, second son to William the Conqueror, and Duke of Normandy, sold that duchy to defray his expences in the First Crusade ; and afterwards lost the crown of England by his absence in Palestine.

A mighty pledge ; for his no common flame,
 No vulgar thirst of empire and of fame;
 But a firm soul, in war and council tried,
 Unwarp'd by passion, undebased by pride;
 Courage assured ; no rash or headlong rage ;
 The best protection of the sex and age ;
 Not like the torrent, pouring down amain,
 But the full stream that gilds the sylvan reign :
 Stormless and deep, so Tenglio's² waters glide,
 Unfading roses laughing round his tide.
 He, when his legions storm'd the yielding town,
 Received a kingdom, but refused the crown ;³
 Nor let a golden wreath his brows entwine,
 Where platted thorns encircled brows divine.
 Then Salem first, in foreign splendor gay,
 Saw western climes and Christian kings obey.
 But short the triumph — ah ! how short the scene,
 Which charm'd the sorrows of the widow'd queen !
 For ages doom'd in barren state to groan,
 Her temples plunder'd, and her hosts o'erthrown.
 What mighty chiefs, by pious ardor led,
 On Judah's plains in sacred phalanx bled !

(2) The banks of the Tenglio, a river of Lapland, are covered with perpetual roses.

(3) Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, when elected King of Jerusalem, refused to be crowned, declaring that no man ought to wear a crown of gold in that city, where his SAVIOUR had worn a crown of thorns.

Fix'd in these fields the Gallic¹ ensigns stood,
 And CONRADE's eagles bathed in Turkish blood.
 Here too, in later times, with equal force
 The rival monarchs urged their desperate course,
 With jealous pride disdaining each to yield,
 Or in the guarded trench or listed field :
 Alternate watch they held, alternate sought
 The narrow breach, and with the foremost fought :
 When PHILIP² moves, the silver lilies fling
 A trembling lustre o'er their gallant king :
 When RICHARD's³ ardor hurries to the plain,
 The British lion tramples on the slain.
 Thus when the Night, in veil of silver drest,
 Folds up her starry train and spangled vest,
 With brighter beams the wakeful Morning glows,
 Resumes the watch, and leaves her to repose.
 Then oft on Acre's walls, when pale dismay
 Gave to the Paynim arm the doubtful day,
 The plighted virgin, with suspended breath,
 Traced her loved hero through the ranks of death ;
 While the fond mother, with severer joy,
 Clasp'd to her aching breast her helpless boy.
 But, when with fiercer rage the combat burns,
 When scarce the ebbing tide of battle turns,

(1) Lewis the Seventh, and the Emperor Conrade, commanded the re-inforcements.

(2) Philip the Fair.

(3) Richard Cœur de Lion.

The virgin's shriek, the anxious mother's fears,
 The new-made orphan's cry, and widow's tears,
 With crash of faithless shields, and helmets riven,
 Swell the wide rout, and fill the echoing heaven.

Methinks I hear some stranger's voice, that cries,
 With ill-suppress'd contempt, or just surprise,
 "Was there no charm in that untutor'd age
 "To soothe the labors of their pilgrimage?
 "Was there no ray of genius more refined?
 "No art to soften, or exalt the mind?
 "Did never footstep to sweet music's sound
 "Tread the gay maze, and lightly beat the ground?"

Yes: oft at dewy eve, in Rama's vale,
 Cool'd by the spreading palm and moisten'd gale,
 When sultry suns descending seem'd to lave
 Their parting splendor in the western wave,
 And o'er the Tartar host the Queen of night,
 Serene in paler beauty, pour'd her light,
 Between each long-drawn and harmonious close
 Of his loved harp, the Minstrel's strain arose:
 For then, in camps and courtly mansions bred,
 The sons of song a life of glory led;
 The friend, the mistress, own'd their softer claim,
 And crown'd their grateful toil with present fame:
 Then pleasure, honor, wooed the favorite bard;
 Wide was his rule, and lasting his award;

Monarchs and heroes shared the festal hour,
 And Love and Beauty rear'd the laurel bower:
 To praise with chaster skill and subtler grace,
 Insured the smile of every fairest face ;
 Verse paid that homage female wit demands,
 And the fresh wreath came dearer from her hands.

Thrice happy he, whose warlike step attend
 The wife most honor'd, and the tuneful friend.
 This, by the martial song and echoing lyre,
 Can generous thought to noblest act inspire,
 Teach the stern chief a fallen foe to save,
 And smooth the path to glory or the grave.
 The tender bride, in transport, in despair,
 Heightens each joy, and sweetens every care ;
 Her anxious breast cheats life of half its woes,
 The throne of Love, the pillow of Repose.
 Such bliss was his, whose princely arm from far
 Roll'd on the plumed surge of England's war.
 Who has not heard what midnight legends tell,
 Pierced by inglorious hands, how EDWARD¹ fell ?
 Who has not heard how his undaunted bride,²
 Despising danger, drank the infected tide ?

(1) Afterwards King of England. He was the principal leader in the last Crusade.

*(2) The Princess accompanied her husband to Palestine : and, when he was wounded by a poisoned arrow, say the Historians, she sucked the venom from his arm, without injury to herself.

Then all the woman shone with light divine ;
 That sacred triumph, Wedded Love, was thine !
 But who can tell what terror and amaze,
 What fear and anguish mingled in his gaze,
 Unsooth'd by hope, when first her rescued lord
 Saw the wan cheek of her whom he adored ?
 Weak is the voice, unharmoniz'd the string,
 And Painting boasts what Verse despairs to sing :
 For still, where Norwich³ to the plain descends,
 O'er her pale form the kneeling EDWARD bends,
 Whilst thoughtless childhood, clinging to her vest
 With vain endearment sues to be carest.
 By native Art inform'd the canvas glows,
 Which, true to Nature, bears immortal woes.
 For this, when round the mystic altar stand,
 Hush'd to the deep response, the nuptial band,
 Shall unbought Beauty emulate her fame,
 And pledge the vow by ELEANORA's name.
 Immortal shade ! as midst the sainted dead,
 By hymned strain, or pealing organ led,
 I pace with hurried step the cloister's gloom,
 And image scenes of bliss beyond the tomb,

(3) In the Guildhall at Norwich is an admirable Picture of Eleanora, fainting after her exertions, and surrounded by her Husband and Family, who suppose her to be dying. The piece is executed by a native artist.

In wild illusions lost, by thee I seem
 To body forth the shapes of Fancy's dream,
 With forms like thee surround the Eternal shrine,
 And measure angels' purity by thine.

Thus generous actions in a blood-stain'd age
 Prevail'd o'er death, and charm'd the assassin's rage;
 But years roll'd on, and still unsated War
 Lash'd the red coursers of his scythed car;
 New levies still the lessening host supplied,
 As by the clime or foe the warrior died;
 While the young bride and anxious mistress mourn
 The friend, the lover, never to return.
 And could not Europe's might, on Asia hurl'd,
 Sustain the Cross triumphant o'er the world?
 Though many a fragment from its craggy brow
 Came tumbling on the deep that mined below,
 Like some proud cliff the Mahmut empire stood,
 And stemmed the torrent of the Western flood.
 He, whose behest the vollied lightnings bear,
 Who sweeps on viewless winds the trackless air,
 Unloosed the wave his mandate to perform,
 Then check'd the billow, and confined the storm.
 Yet to this brave, to this adventurous band,
 We owe each blessing that adorns the land.
 When Europe triumph'd o'er her Eastern foes,
 Unveil'd by them, the sun of Science rose,

Like April's morn with roses steep'd in dew,
 And o'er the West his dawning radiance threw.
 Warm'd by his beam, directed by his light,
 The daring minstrel tried a loftier flight;
 Arabian tale and Persian sonnet taught
 To spring new mines of unexhausted thought;
 While Fancy view'd, with joy unfelt before,
 The high-wrought diamond, and the burnished ore.
 Then first the sage's eye beheld the World,
 By laws unchang'd, in central motion hurl'd;
 Then first he saw the Planetary train
 Their stated periods and their course maintain;
 On every clime the light unfading broke;
 Here sung a MILTON, here a NEWTON spoke;
 Camus and Isis glory to prolong
 The sage's precepts, and the poet's song.
 Hence too the merchant learn'd with every gale
 To spread, in every sea, the swelling sail.
 Long had the bold Venetian sought alone
 The Grecian Isles, and made their fruits his own.
 Now Pisa, Genoa, steer'd their daring prow,
 Where Malta frowns upon the deep below,
 Where proud Byzantium rears her awful towers,
 Or Nile unbidden visits Egypt's bowers.
 Here to the gaze of wonder was display'd
 The trophied arch, and noon-day colonnade,

Vast domes that still forsaken Thebes adorn,
 And Memnon's fairy harp, that hail'd the morn:
 The canvas here, and animated bust,
 Gave a new being to the silent dust;
 Sages long lost in bearded state were shown,
 And bards and patriots breathed again in stone.
 With richer wines the loaded table spread
 Detain'd the welcome stranger from his bed;
 At pleasing intervals, to Music's sound,
 The social song and sparkling cup went round;
 Enlighten'd converse too of ancient time,
 Naso's light strain, or Maro's lay sublime,
 Wak'd all the finer feelings of the soul,
 And lent a keener relish to the bowl.
 Thus manners soften'd, and the warrior paid
 A proud obedience to the blushing maid,
 Whose tender limbs, in varying purple drest,
 First own'd the splendors of the silken vest.
 How little thinks the gay delighted Fair,
 Whose present joy eludes the rising care,
 That the soft silk¹ she wears with easy grace,
 Whose hues confirm the conquests of her face,
 In burning climes beyond the Tyrian flood,
 Was purchas'd first with streams of human blood!

(1) At the period of the Crusades, silk was manufactured solely by the Eastern provinces of Asia.

But, let me not forget, through these was given :
 The noblest gift, the choicest boon of Heaven.
 When kings and heroes glow'd with hope sublime,
 And sought, by Faith impell'd, the Promis'd clime,
 To swell the mighty pageant, Princes sold
 The charter'd liberties of man for gold.
 So Freedom to a wild and barbarous race
 Disclosed the infant splendors of her face ;
 Italian states her rising power confest,
 And a new spirit warm'd the Switzer's breast ;
 Till, by degrees to riper beauty grown,
 She fix'd on Albion's cliffs her patriot throne :
 With Law, with Mercy at her side, she stands,
 And lifts the scales of empire in her hands ;
 O'er all her form superior grace is shed,
 A blaze of glory streaming round her head.
 Curse on the wretch, who dares, with impious might,
 Impair her lustre, and obstruct her light !
 His be no public peace, no social joy,
 But every hope embitter'd with alloy ;
 Till the base miscreant to the grave descend,
 Wearied of life, yet tortured in his end !

Such are the blessings which the GOD bestow'd,
 As the pure stream from Mercy's fountain flow'd ;
 But Judah's mountains ever since have laid
 In one unchequer'd, one perpetual shade :

The olive fails ; the fig-tree now no more
 With early blossom crowns the laughing shore ;
 No purple vineyards breathe around perfume,
 No mimic Eden ripens into bloom ;
 No bleating flocks, the shepherds' evening care,
 With lengthening shadows to the fold repair ;
 No harness'd steer the labouring hand obeys,
 No Jordan lingers to prophetic lays ;
 But all is sad, by unclean beasts defiled,
 A weary waste, untenanted and wild.
 O ! when shall Plenty crown the barren strand,
 And Peace and Splendor re-assert the land ?
 Tumults and wars, (as sacred bards foretold,
 Ere nations welcome back the age of gold,) .
 Tumults and wars the human breast employ,
 And Lust and Murder form their horrid joy .
 Where frozen oceans barrier in mankind,
 The fell Destroyer's banner mocks the wind,
 The imperial eagles glutted with the slain,
 Whilst Europe trembles through her wide domain.
 Perhaps, ere scarce another May be past,
 And softer gales succeed the wintry blast,
 By Edom's confines the proud host shall go,
 Bearing Egyptia's cup and dregs of woe.
 Vain mortal, cursed with more than mortal power !
 Unconquer'd fate, and Genius of the hour !

Who shall withstand his all-destroying force?
 What arm arrest him in his giant course?
 The arm of Him, who wields th' avenging rod,
 Of Him, the JUDGE, the SAVIOUR, and the GOD.
 For come it must, that last, that dreadful day;
 (Bow, sacred mountain! Olivet, give way!)
 His chariot wheels by flaming seraphs hurl'd,
 MESSIAH comes, to judge a sceptic world!
 E'en while I write, I see HIM! on his side
 The wound deep-scarr'd, that pour'd a mingled tide!
 Thrice gracious King! Eternal and Supreme!
 First in my heart, and Glory of my Theme!
 When the weak mind, like some frail vessel tost,
 Drives on swoln seas, her helm of reason lost,
 May thy pure Spirit, breathing through the soul,
 Correct each passion, every wish controul;
 Make man, blind man, thy just decrees approve,
 But chief, confirm the hearts of those we love;
 Recall to virtue, rouse to honest fame,
 Before that day of Terror, Guilt, and Shame!





